

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"WHATEVER DOTH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT."—Paul.

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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CONTENTS.

Notes by the Way	217	Some Curious Phenomena	225
Two Evenings with the Psychic Forms	219	Supernatural Powers in Antiquity	226
Notable Manifestations of Spirit-Power	219	What Dreams Portend	226
Nirvana	220	The Incarnated Spirit	226
Psychical Problems	221	Madame Greck	226
Reviews and Notices	222	The Higher Self	226
Signs Before Death	224	The Double	227
		Faith Healing	227
		Society Work	228

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by "M.A. (Oxon.)"

In the "Arena" have recently appeared two articles by Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, the one entitled "Are there Objective Apparitions?" the other, "What are Phantasms and Why do they Appear?" The "Arena" is so hard to get, and so little advertised, that these valuable papers have only just come under my notice. I cannot but wish that they had seen the light in this country; failing that, I hope they will be republished. I cannot summarise them, and refer to them here only in their bearing on what I wish to say about the demeanour of the dog when he sees a ghost. Mr. Wallace is dealing with the objectivity of apparitions as against the position assumed by the Society for Psychical Research, which treats them all as subjective, explicable on principles of telepathy, the Society's special pet and all-embracing theory. Mr. Wallace's evidence for the objectivity of apparitions is classed under five heads. (1) The perception of them by two or more persons. (2) The space relations of the phantasms. (3) *Their effect on domestic animals.* (4) Physical effects connected with them. (5) The fact that they can be photographed. With the third only, which is italicised, I am just now concerned. I want to know what evidence can be got for the supposition that dogs can see ghosts; for if they can, and act as if they did, the telepathic flag must be hauled down. There are many records in the publications of the Society for Psychical Research, which those members of it who have written on this subject have strangely neglected. I regret that I have not time to search their voluminous publications to find them. There are some interesting letters in "Rod and Gun," to which I shall refer. And some letters have been sent direct to "LIGHT."

In "Phantasms of the Living" (Vol. II. p. 197) is a case in which two girls and a boy saw on a summer afternoon a female figure in white floating over a hedge. They were driving in a tax-cart at the time, and, when the figure appeared, *the horse stopped and shook with fright.* In the same work (Vol. II. pp. 149-151) is another case in which Mr. Garling, of Folkestone, saw an apparition of a friend whom he had left four days before in perfect health. There was a tremendous knocking, yet two dogs, one a large dog in a kennel, specially put there to warn off intruders and the other a little terrier in the house, who barked at everything and everybody, took no notice whatever, as they would of a natural sound, but the terrier *slunk shivering under a sofa* and would not be induced to go out into the darkness. The proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research (Part VI. p. 151, Part VIII. p. 116, Part XIII. pp. 307-308) are also quoted by Mr. Wallace as

containing similar evidence. This is drawn, amongst others, from three cases of hauntings, one in the house of a Church dignitary, where the dogs slunk "*cowering in a state of pitiable terror*" at the mysterious noises; a second in a house at Hammersmith, where a phantom woman was seen and "*the dog whined incessantly . . . and crouched down with his tail between his legs*"; a third in a rectory in Staffordshire, where a wailing cry of ghostly origin was heard and a "*bull dog, a very courageous animal, was found trembling with terror, his nose thrust into some billets of fire-wood which were kept under the stairs.*" To omit some other cases, Glanvil records, in his "Sadducismus Triumphatus," a similar observation of the demeanour of dogs when "loud, boisterous and rude knockings" were heard. Mr. Wallace also notices the disturbance at Wesley's Epworth Parsonage and the behaviour of a large mastiff. "It came and ran to shelter himself between [Mr. and Mrs. Wesley]. While the disturbances continued, he used to bark and leap and snap on one side and the other, and that frequently before any person in the room heard any noise at all. But, after two or three days he *used to tremble and creep away before the noise began.*"

Nor is the dog the only seer. "During the disturbances at the Cemetery of Ahrensburg, in the island of Oesel, when coffins were overturned in locked vaults, and the case was investigated by an official commission, the horses of country people visiting the cemetery were often so alarmed and excited that *they became covered with sweat and foam.* Sometimes they threw themselves on the ground, where they *struggled in apparent agony*, and, notwithstanding the immediate resort to remedial measures, *several died within a day or two.*" This is Mr. Wallace's account of a record in Dale Owen's "Footfalls" (pp. 186-192). In the same work there is a record given by Mrs. S. C. Hall, and within her own cognisance, where a "haunted man had not been able to keep a dog for years." Another case recorded by Mr. Richard Hodgson ("Arena," September, 1890, p. 419) is to the same effect. On the advent of an apparition "*the dog crouched and stared, and then acted as if driven round the room.*" Then the poor animal tried to hide, and never would enter the room again. I may recall attention to the case I lately published, in which Owasso, Slade's familiar, announced his intention of scaring a cat, and effectually carried out his prank. These and the like cases seem to Mr. Wallace, as they do to me, to settle the question of the objectivity of apparitions and of the power of domesticated animals to see them.

Under the singular title of "*May a dog see a ghost?*"—as if permission were wanted and not capability—"Rod and Gun"* has printed some letters bearing on the subject which I am now discussing. The three letters which appeared on March 14th and 28th and April 18th respectively add good cases to those already cited to establish the proposition that animals *can* and do see ghosts. Whether they *may* or not who can tell? Perhaps the dog is poaching

* An excellent country-house paper (118, Pall Mall, S.W.), ably written, well printed, and sold for twopence

and ought not to do what he seems to be able to do. The first letter, which has already appeared in "LIGHT," contains this evidence, which for convenience I append in condensed form:—

There is in Devonshire a large, rambling old house which has long had the reputation of being haunted. Family after family tried to make it their home. One after another they gave it up for the same cause—frequent spectral goings in one of the corridors. Sometimes the ghost was seen by one member of the household while it was invisible to others close by; sometimes mysterious sounds showed the ghost to be about while he was not visible to any of the watchers. The family who last occupied the house thought that a good fierce dog might settle the problem—on the supposition that the ghost was a human trickster.

Therefore a sanguinary bulldog was called in. On the first night of the dog's residence, the spectral rattlings were heard. The watchers went to the corridor, taking the detective with them. The dog needed little hounding on. True to the instincts of his tribe, he rushed foremost to the scene, barking savagely; the watchers followed!

Suddenly, when half-way through the corridor, the dog stopped, and gazed in terror upwards. His tail drooped between his legs; and, after staring for a minute into the air, he slunk slowly, shivering, away. He had seen the ghost. The curious part of the episode was that on that particular occasion the spectre was invisible to the human eye.

The letter is dated March 10th, 1891, Pall Mall, S.W., and is marked by the initial "W."

The next letter is signed by the initial "L," and is dated March 18th ult.

I noticed in last week's "Rod and Gun" an interesting letter on this subject. It brought to my recollection a curious thing which happened in my experience many years ago, when I had a fishing-lodge at the head of Loch Rannoch in Perthshire. We had organised a fishing excursion to Loch Luydan, leave for which had been given me by my excellent neighbour, the Dowager Lady Menzies, who also gave us two keepers to accompany the party. One of them had with him a very game fox-terrier, which nothing appeared to daunt, and we had also with us a splendid collie, which was in the habit of sticking at nothing where courage was required. I was riding my own pony, and the only lady of the party was riding a sure-footed Highland pony belonging to Lady Menzies.

It was a delightful morning in autumn as we set out to go over the moor of Rannoch to Loch Luydan, some miles away, and the dogs were naturally careering about in high spirits. We had a shallow Highland stream to cross, and the dogs began to scamper through it in front of the horses and keepers. Suddenly, both horses and dogs came to a standstill without any apparent cause. The horses appeared greatly alarmed, and the courageous fox-terrier and the collie slunk back shivering, and with their tails between their legs.

Nobody saw anything to account for this sudden fright on the part of the dogs and horses; but it required some effort to get them to go on. One of the keepers was quite clear that they had seen a ghost, which human eyes were unable to see; but then he was of a slightly superstitious turn of mind. The other keeper expressed his belief that it had been the devil himself up to some mischief. No explanation was forthcoming save this: that as we returned in the evening, laden with our spoils from Loch Luydan, we met people who informed us that one of the best of Lady Menzies' milk cows had gone a missing, and could nowhere be found. Later on, I think, it was found drowned in one of the deep pools of the stream where our dogs saw the ghost in the morning. For that they did see something uncanny, although not visible to our eyes, is certain. L.

The last now under my notice is signed "B. C.," and dated Dumbartonshire, April 14th ult.:—

I have read with much interest the letters in "Rod and Gun" regarding dogs seeing ghosts. They recall a circumstance which happened to me when I was a boy of fifteen, now many years ago. I was staying near Aberfoyle, and had gone some distance from the shooting-lodge one autumn evening to get a shot at blackgame upon the "stooks." I was accompanied by an old black setter, Dan, my constant companion—the only dog I was then allowed to take out of the kennel upon my own responsibility. We understood each other, and, whether it was grouse, rabbits, flappers, or rats, we worked well together.

I don't remember if I got any shots that evening; but on coming home I took the public road, and, passing where another road joined it, Dan, who was in front, made a dead point.

I cocked my gun and went forward, fully expecting something.

When I reached Dan his hair was standing on end. He was showing his teeth and trembling all over. Upon speaking to him, he rushed behind me as if trying to hide himself, keeping close against my legs.

There were no bushes near—it was rather a bare spot. I walked up and down, kicking every bunch of heather or grass; but nothing appeared.

We had about a mile to walk to reach home, and all the way Dan kept crushing up against me.

On arriving at our destination, I told the keeper that I thought Dan, who was still trembling, had taken some kind of fit, when the old housekeeper, who had come to the door and overheard our conversation, solved the mystery by throwing her arms round the dog's neck, exclaiming, "It was nae fit. The dog jist saw the ghaist o' the deed tinker! It was at that very spot he was murdered ten years sine, and mony a gude Christian has seen his speerit on that very road, foreby the puir dug."

Dan was not put into the kennel that night. He had his supper with me, and slept before the kitchen fire.

Ever after, in all our outings, if I happened to take any way in the direction of the cross-road, Dan would wheel round, and, regardless of shouts or dog-call, make a bee line direct back to the lodge.

I know a friend who has a very excellent house, for which he cannot get a tenant, nor yet a purchaser, although he offers it at a ridiculously low figure. Putting aside altogether what human beings say of that house, no dog or cat will stay in it, and when horses are in the stable they are restless all night, refusing to eat their food, and very soon lose condition.

B. C.

It will probably be necessary to recur to the subject, respecting which I beg for help from my readers by giving me their personal experience and sending or referring me to records already printed. But, so far as this batch of cases goes there are some curious points in evidence. One, not the least curious, is that the dog appears able to tell an abnormal from an ordinary sound. Dogs that barked at everything were mute when these mysterious poundings went on. There is no escaping the conclusion that they shared that psychical gift which enables some sensitives to tell with unerring certainty what rap or noise is and is not of abnormal origin. At the time when our circle used to sit regularly the various noises made on the large table were of infinite variety; but I could distinguish in complete darkness an intrusive sound of earthly origin and I was never wrong. My power was often tested and never failed me, yet I could not put into exact words how I told the difference; the power was instinctive. Another point worth noting is the terror caused by an apparition to a domestic animal. A fierce dog cowers, shivers, skulks, and hides. Why? It cannot be merely the strangeness of the thing, for he would have flown at a strange man or dog. It must be of the same character as the creepy dread which is natural to man in the presence of one who returns from the unseen world. There are other very suggestive points which will, no doubt, arise, as the evidence accumulates and conclusions are formed by correspondents.

FAKIRS.

Mrs. Glanville recounts for us some experiences which her husband told to her. "He was travelling in India and rested during the heat of the day in a wayside place set apart for travellers, open on one side. While there a fakir entered. After some talk the man consented to show what he could do. His body and arms were quite bare; in fact, he wore nothing but a sort of girdle. He stood up in the middle of the floor, and then threw live scorpions, first with one hand, then with the other as fast as he could throw them. My husband watched him intently, and was sure that he did not touch his waist-cloth. The scorpions were alive, and scuttled away into holes, the two gentlemen having to get out of their way, for I omitted to say a friend was with my husband (the Rev. D. Sanderson, now the Governor of the Wesleyan Theological Institution, Richmond). At another time he saw the "mango trick," when the fruit grew before his eyes in his own "go doon," and he ate it. Speaking to me of these things, my husband said he thought the power, whatever it was, had been handed down in the man's family for ages."

As Emerson, that seer of the soul says, "In the instructions of dreams wherein we often see ourselves in masquerade—the droll disguises only magnifying and enhancing a real element and forcing it on our distinct notice—we shall catch many hints that will broaden and lighten into knowledge of the secret of nature."

TWO EVENINGS WITH THE PSYCHIC FORMS.

BY ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

It was the writer's good fortune to be an attendant at a séance given by Mrs. Lizzie Fulton, on the evening of January 28th, at her residence, 736, Hayes-street, San Francisco. There were present Messrs. J. J. Owen, of San Jose, Mrs. J. J. Whitney, the well-known medium, Mrs. Wells, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Baker, of the Hotel Van Ness, Mr. Bogardus, Mr. and Mrs. Cressey, Miss Hill, of Chicago, and about ten others whose names we failed to learn. All were honest and true investigators and harmonious souls, earnest seekers after the light and truth.

Mrs. Fulton's cabinet folds together like a book; it is constructed simply of a light frame held together with small screws, covered with black cambric, pinned or sewed on; it stood on castors and could be moved to any part of the room. All were instructed to examine the cabinet, and doing so found it to be fraud proof. The medium was then taken to an adjoining room by a committee of ladies and examined. Her clothing was found to consist wholly of dark material, after which she was conducted to the cabinet. In a very short time independent voices were distinctly heard; then there appeared at the aperture a female form not as tall as the medium, dressed in fleecy white. The features were plainly discernible in the soft light as she extended her beautiful arms as if in benediction.

Others followed in quick succession and were recognised by their friends. A face dearer than all others came to the writer's view and called "mamma," guardians came and blessed their mediums.

Mrs. J. J. Whitney's child control, May Flower, came in materialised form, and gave her medium a wonderful test by telling a lady present what was then in her medium's mind, Mrs. Whitney declaring it to be a fact.

All who have the pleasure of Mrs. Fulton's personal acquaintance know her honesty of purpose, her earnest, kind endeavours, her conscientious scruples, know her sensitive spirit and tenderness of heart towards all humanity, and how sacredly she prizes her heaven-born gifts.

Mrs. Fulton's independent slate-writing is beyond all cavil. The writer having tested that with satisfaction on other occasions. A few questions were prepared which did not leave our sight for one moment; the slips of paper on which they were written were burned before our eyes by the medium. We cleaned the slates and placed them on the floor, at our side; they were not out of our sight an instant, and the sun shone over the table and floor where we sat. In the short space of five minutes raps announced the fact that the time was up, and on lifting the slates we found writing in different colours, answers to every question. There were also a number of loving messages from others whom we had not mentioned and were not thinking of. The happiness it gives the investigator cannot be told in words. The heart bowed in sorrow at the loss of the dearest one upon earth will arise in freedom on the wings of love, when such proofs are presented to them of the presence of the beloved ones and their still devoted care.

February 7th, we were one of a séance given by Mrs. E. A. Wells, of New York, now sojourning a short time at 124, Sixth-street, this city. This gifted lady is a host within herself, not speaking of the powerful band that are her guides and loving protectors. The persecutions which this fine instrument has been compelled to suffer for the sake of her divinely blest gifts as a lesson perhaps to herself, will be set right in due time, and her foes brought to retributive justice when they least expect it. This powerful medium's cabinet was in the bay window overhanging the street. In spite of blinds, curtains, and black cambric, the strong electric light on the outside managed to peep into unguarded places. As with the medium, Mrs. Fulton, a committee of ladies were chosen to report upon Mrs. Wells's clothing; the writer, being one of the number, dare speak positively that Mrs. Wells had no white clothing on. The medium immediately thereafter entered her cabinet. We watched with breathless silence a moment, then with a soft low song upon our lips: soon two most enchantingly lovely forms appeared together, neither of which resembled the medium in form or manner. Several male spirits came and were recognised, as well as fairer

feminine loveliness, and dear little children, two coming together. Judge Edmonds came, then returned a second time, that he might be recognised by his friend present. He spoke in a strong, rich, manly voice. It was a circle to be remembered by all present. If human testimony is worth anything, or our natural senses to be relied upon—in short, if intelligent men and women, whose words would be accepted in any court of justice, then this phenomenon of materialisation given through Mrs. E. A. Wells was genuine, stupendous as it is, and may seem. Thirty-six forms were counted during the evening.—From "The Golden Way."

[Then follows a sworn affidavit largely signed, testifying to the facts above recited, and to others witnessed during May and June, 1890. The testimony is complete and conclusive of the conviction of the twenty-two persons subscribing.]

NOTABLE MANIFESTATIONS OF SPIRIT-POWER.

BY ROBERT COOPER.

The movement of tables, when the hands of those sitting round it are placed thereon, is one of the commonest phases of spiritual phenomena; but movement without contact is very rare and only occurs in the presence of strong physical mediums. In my early investigations of Spiritualism I used to get very extraordinary movements in a large 'loo table, sometimes when only touched by a finger of the medium. On one occasion we were using a smaller table—a round, three-legged table about three feet in diameter. Observing a good deal of force manifested, I suggested trying whether it would move without contact. Accordingly we all drew our chairs back until quite clear of the table, which, at my request, at once came up to me. I then drew back as far as I could get and requested the spirits to bring the table a little farther, which request was immediately complied with. A friend coming into the room just after, we told him what had taken place, and he said he should like to have seen it, and I proposed trying again for his satisfaction, when the experiment was repeated with perfect success. Professor Faraday having just propounded his theory of involuntary muscular action as an explanation of table movements, I wrote to him, giving an account of the experiment in question. He wrote me a courteous letter in reply, finishing by saying that he "gave me credit for sincerity, but believed I was deceived."

When in Boston, U.S.A., I had a still more remarkable experience of the kind. In that city resided a Mrs. Youngs, who was known as the "piano medium" on account of her employing a piano to exhibit her extraordinary mediumistic powers. The instruments in general use in America are the old-fashioned squares, very heavily constructed, weighing about eight hundredweight. Directly Mrs. Youngs sat down to play an instrument of this kind it would commence lifting up and beat time with its front legs. It did the same when I played it, the medium simply placing her hand on my head. To lift the instrument at one end required considerable strength and was as much as I could accomplish, but on the medium placing her hand underneath one of mine, without any pressure on her part, it came up without my making the slightest effort. On one occasion Mrs. Youngs stood in front of the instrument, and holding her hands over it, about a foot above, it rose at the word of command, and then went down with a bump. "Now," said she, "get up again and go down quietly," which was done, scarcely a sound being heard when it reached the floor. President Lincoln, it is said, took considerable interest in these manifestations, and was accustomed to lie at length on the piano for the spirits to rock him.

One of the best proofs I ever had of the identity of a materialised spirit is the following: At a séance, with the same medium and under the same conditions as that alluded to in my former communication, when an Indian scarf was de-materialised, a form appeared close by the medium, who lay on a sofa covered with a shawl. The company, eight in number, sat across the room at a distance from the medium. It was intimated by beckoning that I was to approach the form, which was arrayed in white drapery. I did so, and at once recognised it as that of a young English military officer with whom I was well acquainted, whose obsequies I attended at Eastbourne just before leaving that town. "Why," I said, "it is Graham Hewett." The figure looked

pleased, and nodded acquiescence, stretched out its hand and touched me on my head and disappeared. A few days before, at a sitting with Mr. C. Watkins, a communication was made in independent writing signed by the name of Graham Hewett.

During the greater part of the time I was in Boston I resided with Mr. Henry C. Lull, a psychic of repute. His wife lost a sister, to whom she was much attached. Some weeks after the death Mrs. Lull complained of a soreness in her arm, which became very red and apparently inflamed. On examining it on one occasion they were surprised to find letters in white, about an inch in height, forming the word "Libbie," the name by which the sister was familiarly called. Writing on the arm was a phase of mediumship of the late C. H. Foster. In his case the letters were red on a white ground.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

Mr. Cooper's interesting record has induced me to turn out the brief notes of our séances kept by the late Dr. Speer. Mrs. Speer also kept an account of our proceedings, and I did so too. But my records are necessarily imperfect, owing to the fact that some of the most striking phenomena occurred when I was in a state of unconscious trance. Mrs. Speer was attracted principally by the information and teaching given, and, though she records some phenomena, she was not primarily interested in them and does not dwell upon them. Dr. Speer's interest, on the contrary, was wholly devoted to the physical phenomena. He never tired of watching them and seeking for their repetition. His records are brief, but they are given up to minutes of such occurrences.

I find, on referring to my own record, summarised at the close of 1873, from notes kept during the previous twenty months, this passage bearing on such movements as Mr. Cooper describes.

After particularising an infinite variety of raps, of different character and intensity occurring in every part of the room, all indicating intelligence, I remark that "very frequently the table is tilted and moved (without contact) into a more favourable position, *e.g.*, away from a flickering fire-light or out of reach of the light of a gaselier, so as to allow a chair to be placed on it without risk. Very frequently my chair is moved away from the table when any special manifestation is about to occur: or it is placed accurately with its back to the north, the position in which I am told to sit. Or the table will tilt into the hand of Dr. Speer, and so answer his questions. Or it will so tilt as to rap out answers to questions on the mahogany front of the chair on which he sits. Several times, when no hand has been near it but his own, it has inclined towards him, and has been so placed that it has rested on his finger, the whole weight of the table pressing his finger to the ground, yet the pressure being far less than the normal weight of the table, and the position being such as to prove that some intelligent power was supporting the table in an abnormal position. In such cases *the table would frequently be replaced at request, no hand touching it.* During some weeks we observed a persistent phase of 'flotation' of the table. It would rise from the floor steadily into the air until we were compelled to rise and stand so as to keep our hands upon it. *This occurred when Mrs. Speer and I were not touching the table.* I have three records of the same occurrence whilst the room was well lighted with a gas-burner shining through a red globe. In answer to request the table has been tilted in time to music. On rare occasions—I have records of five—the table has followed my hand, tilting as I made passes over it. And on one notable occasion, to which Serjeant Cox alludes in his book, 'What am I?' a very massive dining-table in his house (36, Russell-square) rose up to my hand, oscillated, remained suspended, and moved up and down in broad gas light. We had come in together from his house, Moat Mount, near Hendon, and he was reading his letters at one end of the table while I read 'The Field' at the other; neither of us thinking of a séance."

This sketch of the kind of occurrences which were then so familiar to us, I propose to supplement by some brief records from Dr. Speer's diaries, which I have in my possession. They will be mere curt records of recurrent facts to which more importance is attached by others than by myself. But they will serve to show how regularly these phenomena occurred and how familiar they became by constant repetition.

NIRVANA.

What is Nirvana? Is the state thereof terminable or eternal, or a perpetually recurring series? These questions have been replied to in different ways. Orthodoxy was wont to make its future life an endless devotional entertainment. Some, objecting, said that idle enjoyment would grow monotonous. Other creeds make it a life of infinite progress. Progress undoubtedly there will be; but the infinite progress of finite beings is hard to comprehend, and, moreover, involves, perhaps, endless exertion—a thing that will by no means satisfy astute Orientals, who, above all, want rest or the Nirvana. And this rest of the Oriental many persons will have to be a state of mere dreamy, semi-conscious existence. Others again will have it absorption into Deity, practically amounting to individual annihilation. But none of these speculative theories is in harmony with the Scriptural statement of a Sabbath of rest.

However, taking a further view of these aspects of Nirvana, let us briefly note two conspicuous and self-evident facts—first, that as day succeeds night, and night day, so are there periods of rest and activity of outward active expression and of internal mental repose. Second, that the great principle of duality, the masculine and feminine elements as we see them expressed in nature, pervades the universe of being.

We will not here consider the duality of Deity expressed under the limitations of personal form, both masculine and feminine, as revealed to seers, Hebrew and others, under the transcendent vision of the Adonai, nor the dual nature of primal, infinite, and essential Being. But we, even the least intelligent, see clearly that in outward nature the great principle of duality reigns supreme, and the basis of this duality in unity is the attraction of a mutual love, a going out of two beings towards each other, each one seeing its half, counterpart, or complement in the other. As these counterparts or complemental souls are drawn nearer and nearer together, the sense of rest and innate satisfaction increases, until the two individuals seem blended into one. The duality in unity thus perfected, the memory and knowledge of past conditions are recovered and open before them. Then is attained that conjugal state, as Swedenborg has it, of unalloyed happiness, the Nirvana, or Sabbath of rest in which there is perfect bliss.

But following the great law of change, as it affects the individuality of limited and personal existence, this period of rest culminates and passes again into a period of activity, with temporary and partial separation of the dually united individualities. The climax once reached in the blissful state of rest the change begins slowly to operate; the will, it may be, under the impulsion of necessity, tends towards the state of activity, entailing again temporary separation—Eve begins to be withdrawn from the side of Adam—that is, from the blissful state of intimate contact in which she is represented as a rib—the symbol of conjugal union—of his affectional or heart-side; but still she remains bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. The counterparts, for the time again voluntarily rendering themselves oblivious of the past, enter upon new lives of activity, with their consequent unrest urging them once more to seek redemption in re-union—redemption alone and always through the uplifting force of purified and exalted love.

Hence, through the infinite wisdom of Deity, the All-sustaining Father-Mother, eternity can never become wearisome or monotonous: for fresh and hopeful lives of activity on material and other planes will ever succeed vast periods of Heavenly progress and the blissful rest of Nirvana. But, let us hope, not always on the low scale of the present; not always a "fall" in the old sense, entailing a long warfare of good against evil, with the painful experience and trying ordeal of self-sacrifice. Nay, it is not so, as stated on high authority and revealed otherwise under different forms, "for let it be noted that the Lord Christ when on earth spoke of many mansions, referred to the glory He had with the Father before the world was"; and talked much to His followers of the Son ascending where He was before.

But notwithstanding the teaching of Revelation and these sayings of the "Light of the World," slow and faltering are the steps of humanity towards this "peace of God that passeth all understanding"; for man in his course proposes to himself many ends, pursues eagerly, attains and appropriates, tossing much aside on trial, like toys grown old and

out of date,* till, by the accumulated knowledge born of experience he is redeemed from the cramping limitations of the physical and material—emancipated from the thralldom of matter and its laws, making them in turn his ministers and servants.

But at length, perfected by manifold experience of good and evil, he, having tasted all the tempting fruits of the tree of knowledge, so desirable to make one wise, though there be amongst them madness and folly, says with Solomon, "All things have I tried; this is the end of the matter—fear God and keep His commandments"—veneration and obedience: abandonment of thine own self-will and submission to the will of God. This stage in our progress fully completed the advance is more and more rapid till the day-star of love arises and desire is satisfied, replete in fruition. No longer by the sweat of his brow—the slow and difficult way of experience—has man to earn the bread of life; for Paradise is regained, and he has entered the Sabbath of rest."

W. SHARPE, M.D.

PSYCHICAL PROBLEMS.

(Continued from p. 171.)

Apropos of fortune-telling by cards, a correspondent sends us the following, duly authenticated by names of persons and places. The story, however, is old now, and most of the actors in it have been removed by death. The narrative is written from notes made at the time:—

A TRAGEDY OF THE CARDS.

Many years ago E. W., an intimate friend of mine, was on the point of marriage to E. M., a young Irishman, who had determined to emigrate to Australia, with a fair capital, and accompanied by an Irish lad who was much attached to him. E. W.'s father, General W., had a place near S., in Devonshire, and she was asked to pay a farewell visit to some connections then staying at T., another seaside town on the Devon coast. These connections were two sisters, young married women, Mrs. S. and Mrs. L. E. W. accordingly paid her visit, and returned home at the time pre-arranged. I saw her the next day, and she then told me what follows:—

On the last evening of her stay the friends happened to talk of fortune-telling, and Mrs. S. said that her maid had a wonderful knack of foretelling the future by cards; adding that as she was a Scotchwoman, she had, perhaps, the gift of second sight to assist her. It was all said only half-seriously. E. W. herself proposed having the maid in to amuse them, as they were all rather depressed on this their last evening together. So the woman was summoned and came in; a peculiar-looking woman, E. W. said, with "solemn eyes." On being asked to "foretell" something in E. W.'s future, she proceeded to manipulate the cards, and presently observed: "You will have a surprise before you get home to-morrow; you will meet, very unexpectedly, a friend whom you think far away." This sounded like the regular jargon of the card-seers, and made very little impression on anybody.

She re-arranged the cards, studied them, and again re-arranged them, then quite suddenly pushed them all together, jumped up, and putting her hand to her head begged them to excuse her, she had had a severe headache all day, and now felt so very unwell she was not fit to do anything more to amuse them; she was very sorry;—and she went out of the room almost before they could give her the leave she asked. E. W. said she was rather surprised, but the woman really looked ill, and she felt sorry for her, and very soon after they all went to bed. "And the surprise?" said I. "Oh, that *was* a lucky hit! Yesterday, when I was in E., waiting for the carriage sent to fetch me, I thought I would take a last look at the cathedral, and just as I turned the corner of Cathedral-yard I came face to face with P. H. (an old S. friend), whom we all thought in America, and with no present intention of returning to England. He has changed his plans and come home, and had just reached E. on his way to S."

This was all that E. W. told me of the fortune-telling. I was one of her bridesmaids, and at her wedding I chanced

* See on this head "Soul Embodiment," by Mrs. Cora L. Richmond.

to have a little talk with Mrs. L., who was there, and I told her of the "lucky hit" about the "surprise."

She looked grave, and said they did not like to think of that fortune-telling, and yet it haunted her and her sister. "After E. went to bed," said she, "we spoke to the maid, and reproved her for her abrupt behaviour, for we did not believe in the sudden illness. And then she asked us to forgive her, and owned it was an excuse for not continuing; that the cards were so dreadful she could not bear to go on. She knew the poor young lady was about to be married, and it was 'all black, black, black, nothing but death and horror'; she had not the heart to go on. So she just pushed all the cards together, and got out of the room." I daresay, however, the painful impression produced by that gloomy fortune telling faded from all our minds before long. I can answer for myself, for I quite forgot it until the actual coming of those events that had cast their shadows before in so mysterious a manner.

Poor E. M., the happy bride, died on the voyage to Australia, partly from an attack of scarlet fever, partly from exhausting sea-sickness. Within the year, an exploring party in the Australian bush were attracted by hovering birds of prey to a certain spot in that awful wilderness, and there found the bodies of poor young M. and his servant, murdered with many spear wounds, and stripped naked. There could be no doubt that they had been attacked and overpowered by a hostile party of natives.

This was the last act of the tragedy of the cards.

M.B.

For the following we are indebted to the "Religio-Philosophical Journal":—

A STRANGE APPARITION.

According to a despatch from Chamberlain, S. D. to the St. Paul "Globe," for a month or more men living on McCloud's cattle ranch, near the mouth of Battle Creek, have been startled from their sleep at night by footsteps treading the halls and passage-ways of the house, doors opening and shutting, and an occasional laugh of the demoniacal, hair-raising, blood-chilling variety. All these ghostly demonstrations had been looked upon by the inmates of the house as the workings of some practical joker, or imagination, and very little attention was paid to them until about a week ago, when one of the men, about ten or eleven o'clock at night, stepped out of doors. What he saw there almost froze his blood.

Standing in the middle of the yard was a familiar figure, that of a former lady resident of the house, clothed in the habiliments of the grave. A dull phosphorescent light seemed to be emitted from the shrouded figure, whose back was turned towards the man. Slowly the figure turned, and, with arms extended, its staring eyes shining with a dull lustre, it commenced a movement towards the man, who stood spellbound. For a second only did he stand transfixed, then with a yell of terror he dashed in upon his comrades within the house. He told his story to the crowd, and a rush was made for the yard to investigate, but the spectre had fled. That night the footsteps and noises throughout the house were more frequent and louder, banishing sleep from the eyes of the now thoroughly frightened inmates. The next night a watch was kept for the ghostly visitor, but it came not.

The next night followed, and still no ghost, so the watchers had about given up all hope of its re-appearance, when on the fourth night the watchers, while sitting in a darkened room, were startled by suddenly seeing the spectre's face pressed against the window pane. Each man seized his gun and a volley was fired at the visage. When the smoke had cleared away and the men's courage had in a measure returned, they ventured outside, expecting to find a corpse lying beneath the window. They did not, but instead saw standing about thirty paces from the house the figure of a woman looking at them reproachfully, and seeming to have just arisen from the grave. For a moment the men stood breathlessly looking at the strange sight, when one of the boldest raised his gun to his shoulder, took deliberate aim at the figure, and pulled the trigger. The figure was still there when the smoke cleared away, and, looking at them for a moment with its staring eyes, gradually disappeared.

Next morning there was an emigration from the ranch.

OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"
2, DUKE STREET,
ADELPHI, W.C.

Light:

EDITED BY "M. A. (OXON.)"

SATURDAY, MAY 9th, 1891.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi. It will much facilitate the insertion of suitable articles if they are under two columns in length. Long communications are always in danger of being delayed, and are frequently declined on account of want of space, though in other respects good and desirable. Letters should be confined to the space of half a column to ensure insertion.

Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to the Editor.

SOME REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

A CRITICISM OF NEWMAN.*

Undeterred by the terrible example of Kingsley, who hangs gibbeted for all time by the Master whom he had roused, Dr. Abbott "kicks the dead lion." The gentle spirit that could be so effective when stirred has gone from us to serener airs; and Dr. Abbott seizes his opportunity, with a half admission of the invidious nature of the task he has set himself. It is a psychological study to contrast the two minds.

Newman had breadth and scope of intellect rather than fondness for petty detail—a generous capacity of view that even the unyielding fences of the Catholic *non possumus* could not wholly restrain. His was a picturesque personality, a nature lovable, kind, tender to a fault; one that could enter into his Master's Divine tolerance with a "Neither do I condemn thee" till roused to an intensity of scorn by unprovoked and misapplied blame. The charm of the man lay in his utter abnegation of self, in his gracious tenderness, in his saintly simplicity of faith.

In Dr. Abbott we have another order of mind altogether. He is a schoolmaster and a cleric before all. His intellect is nothing if not critical. One wonders that its needle-points leave anything unpierced—anything in which man's mind may rest without this obtrusive Paul Pry's self-assertive and interrogative presence. Of comprehensive breadth he has shown some capacity—witness his "The Kernel and the Husk"—but the tendency to carp is too much for the fugitive inclination to the larger charity. The use of the man is the use of the pickaxe—to break up and to disintegrate; to find the little flaw, and to intensify it by picking it into a large hole, leaving who may to mend it.

There could be no better illustration of the marked contrast between the two minds—not unfitly symbolised by the accentuated bark of the smart little terrier and the serene repose of the mastiff—than this criticism of Newman by Abbott. He bristles with wiry hair erect, and his angry yelps are ear-piercing. But the object of his shrill petulance is undisturbed by his ill-spent vituperation. A stroke from the massive paw would paralyse him, but the power that could move it sleeps in Death—at rest and beyond his reach.

A large part of the book is concerned with a detailed criticism of Newman's application of Butler's doctrine, that "Probability is the guide of life," to his estimate of Faith and to his conception of Miracles. We do not now pursue any investigation of the keen analysis for which the grammarian of the City of London School finds it necessary to coin a word, pedantically proper—*crinanthropy*! A *crinanthropist*, it seems, is a man who judges, as a *misanthropist* is a man who hates, his fellows. Dr. Abbott is an unquestioned instance of the class which he has newly named.

Nor is this the only pedagogic term that Dr. Abbott finds it necessary to invent to aid the minuteness of his criticism of Newman. There is in him, it seems, the "Art of Oscillation." In the less classic language of Mr. Stead in the "Pall Mall Gazette," he "wobbles." And there is also discoverable the "Art of Lubrication," which, in our author's judgment, depends on a power of discriminative handling of words: an "inward and absolute contempt for logic and words and for the understanding generally, for your own understanding as well as other people's": an "intense and passionate longing for a certain conclusion on which, as upon a goal, you may fix your eyes so intently that you can see nothing else": and lastly, "the most important qualification of all, the power of self-deception."

So, then, we have the judgment of this crinanthropist—the gentle art of hating and then judging. Juggler with words—despiser of logic—palterer with conscience—trifler with men's souls. There we have our Newman writ down by this latest criticaster!

Who will not wonder that it was deemed worth while, we do not say discreet or decent, thus to insult the mighty dead whom, with a rare and touching unanimity, his countrymen—and not they alone—have delighted to honour! Who will demur if we draw a veil over the further pettinesses that the book contains!

We have no fancy for this pin-pricking with envenomed points. It is better, perhaps, to believe too much than too little. The tendency of this age, which is called Agnostic, which is also in near danger of reading its Agnosticism into a fancied Omniscience, is iconoclastic and destructive. The more reverent attitude of the mind that has recognised its limitations is to stand hushed and bowed in adoration before the shrine of the great Mysteries that man may not wholly comprehend so long as he is shut up in the prison-house of the body.

"SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS"—AND COMMEND ME TO THE BUNGLES OF MY ENEMIES.

"Save me from my Friends" is a novel that is thoroughly unwholesome. It leaves on the palate a flavour which it requires some careful analysis to account for. A compound of music-halls and their *habitués*, men about town of the worst type, debased and detestable creatures, mere caricatures of men, a re-hash of the most childish conceptions of occult philosophy, the book is, at first reading, a puzzle. Of the former class the author seems to write from considerable experience, of the latter he evidently knows nothing. It would seem that his knowledge of the sensual side of earthly life has inspired a profound dread of the spiritual. "In our dark moments," he writes, "may not the spirits of the evil . . . return to earth to haunt us with their devilish promptings—themselves being miserable in the world of shades and tormented by vain regret and wicked hatred and envy of whatever happiness there is on earth, flocking hither to tempt the living to follow their own fatal example?" From one point of view one might be tempted to find in that sentence the genesis of this book. It reads like the suggestion of an evil spirit. "The trail of the serpent is over it all." The worst of Spiritualism has been easily assimilated; the better part is sealed from the author's knowledge.

But this view is insufficient. There is an indescribable spiritual aroma in its pages which we do not remember to have been so profoundly conscious of in handling any other book that has come under our notice. And this, we have no doubt, is to be referred to the inspiration that is suggested rather than expressed. It is not so much what is said as what is hinted at, the freedom of knowledge and descriptive power in the most sensual scenes as compared with the ignorance and unconcealed fear of that which is never comprehended, that supplies the key to the book and accounts for the nauseous taste left after perusal. If

* "Philomythus: an antidote against Credulity. A Discussion of Cardinal Newman's Essay on Ecclesiastical Miracles." By EDWIN A. ABBOTT. (Macmillans.)

Mephistopheles had been betrayed into disclosing his preference for the bad side of sensual life and his terror of that which will rescue man from it, he might have suggested some such work, but his touch would have been lighter and his motive less apparent.

The plot need not concern us. The preface, to which an enclosed slip secures our attention, shows that we have before us a "novel with a purpose." The purpose is to show up a "creed which is a hodge-podge of ancient philosophies and religions and modern sciences," the creed of Spiritualism. So then ancient philosophy and modern science are to count for nothing!—although this creed is "implicitly believed in by more people and by wiser ones, than those who impatiently reject the whole as an absurdity not worth the examining." This naïve admission may show our author's logic. A perusal of his book will readily show how far he is to be ranked among the "wiser ones" who know something of the outcome, in modern times, of philosophy and science. Perhaps we may make this view more clear if we add that the "In Memoriam" is described as "a dangerous book: a book which, I believe, has done more harm than any other modern infidel work." Yet (such is logic) from this horrible example the author draws most of the mottoes which serve to indicate the spirit of his chapters, and by no means satirically. The sneers at the "publications of the Psychological Society," of which we suspect he has seen none, and more than suspect that he confuses that defunct society with one more recent, which, with refined taste, he refers to as "the Society for the Propagation of Belief in Ghosts," the *hotch-potch* (if we may so say, though the author prefers to write *hodge-podge*) of what is familiar to the least instructed readers of even a weekly journal such as ours—the cheap sneers always betraying the most superficial acquaintance with the subject criticised—all these may pass with a smile.

His heroine, "a cold, calculating girl, with not all the proper modesty a girl should have," his man who says of the fiancée of his friend, "how delicious it would be to have a tête-à-tête with that sweet girl," who lies to his friend, carries her off and poisons two lives: his picturesquely described sensualism, "He eyed her from her head to her well-shaped foot—eyed her greedily—and his blood thrilled with a tumult," &c., &c. (there is much more of it!), his Pecksniffian "conscience of a sort . . . over-persuaded by his casuistry," (he is not a Spiritualist, let us observe), all this and very much more may serve as some indication of the reasons which lead us to pass a strong condemnation on this book.

Misconceived in intention, unsupported by fair argument, betraying ignorance of the subject attacked combined with a too easy familiarity with what we have before pointed out, it is not wholesome reading.

Our opinion has been asked, and it is honestly given.

SONNETS AND OTHER POEMS.

Mrs. Southern sends us a good-sized volume (pp. 260) of her collected verse (Walter Scott, 24, Warwick-lane). It is dedicated to her father, Mr. T. P. Barkas, and contains a number of Sonnets and much occasional Verse. In form the Sonnets are usually constructed with skill and due regard to that cramped style of verse which some one (was it not Dr. Johnson?) called "carving on a peach-stone." In matter we find, as we might anticipate from one who has pondered much on the mysteries of life and death, the world of action and the world to come, many thoughts of quiet beauty that enlist attention. There is no obtrusive straining after effect: the muse is homely clad and puts on no flashy ornaments. As good an illustration as occurs to us is to be found in the two sets of verse, one on the "Evolution of Woman," contained in three sonnets (p. 107), and the other on the "Search for Truth," contained in four (p. 178). Or we may select the trilogy entitled "The

Reformer," "Tried by Success," "The Sacrament of Failure" (p. 9). An example of another type of verse may be found in "A Day Dream" (p. 164).

Space permits only two citations, selected, not as the best, but as suitable to our pages.

A MAGNETIC PERSONALITY.

He enters: small frivolities decline,
A healthy movement, as of mountain breeze,
Arouses slumb'ring earnestness and frees
The guarded tongue to utter thoughts Divine.
His gestures grant unspoken prayers: like wine
His flowing words give strength, and his decrees
Are forming now the future that he sees:
Through clouds and darkness day begins to shine.
He laughs: despairing souls feel loads of woe
Mysteriously removed: the atmosphere
Is cleansed of cobwebs; men aspire to go
On herculean tasks forgetting fear,
Contemptible excuses disappear,
For all desire the noblest things they know.

RE-UNION.

I long to see thee once again,
As thou wert years ago,
Ere the defacing hand of time
Had forced thy tears to flow.

Thy soul is lovely as of old,
'Tis but the fleeting face
That many years and grief untold
Have wrapped in their embrace.

Death's portal passed, thou stand'st once more
A maid serene and fair,
O linger near that crowded door
That I may join thee there.

A MAGNETIC NOVEL.*

Could a denizen of the next world, to bring to light a murder or a robbery, magnetise an animal and employ it as a medium for its purpose? That seems to have been the problem before Mr. Louis Creswicke, in his powerful romance, "Magnetism and Mystery." Without revealing all his secrets we may say at once that such a story would have great capabilities. Cats, for instance, can magnetise mortals without aid from the unseen world. There is a distinguished living general who faints if an unknown cat is concealed in his tent. Imagine a weird animal, a minister from Tophet, glaring at a murderer in the dark, and putting terrible reflections into his mind under inspiration from the dead victim. Imagine it helping to bring to light compromising documents. Imagine—but to pursue the topic to its full capabilities, the reader must go to the little shilling story that we are bringing to his notice.

In it he will see the pathetic tragedy of Miss Grace Conyers. In it he will see how Mr. Evan Ford was accused of the crime of murder, how the public were baffled, and how the mystery was at length cleverly cleared up. Mr. Louis Creswicke is to be congratulated on having constructed an ingenious story. It holds the interest to the final chapter.

ASSEMBLY OF THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

On Tuesday evening next, Dr. George Wyld will deliver an address on "Faith Healing: Its Place in Medicine." The meeting commences at 7.30 p.m.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

[Any acknowledgment of books received in this column neither precludes nor promises further notice.]

- "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research." Part XVIII. Price 2s. 6d. [Contains *inter alia* "Some Recent Experiments in Automatic Writing." By Thos. Barkworth. "On the Evidence for Clairvoyance." Part I. By Mrs. Henry Sidgwick. Also a long notice by Mr. F. W. H. Myers of Professor William James's "Principles of Psychology."]
- "The Annual Index of the 'Review of Reviews.'" Price 2s. [A very comprehensive and admirably arranged key to the periodical literature of the past year.]
- "Portraits and Autographs." Price 1s. 6d. [Mostly collected in order to help the "Review of Reviews" into existence. An extremely interesting album.]

* "Magnetism and Mystery." By Louis Creswicke. (London: Simpkin, Marshall.)

SIGNS BEFORE DEATH.

The following cases of intimation of Death by Vision, Dream, and Apparition are from the unpublished papers of the late Mrs. Howitt Watts. It will be observed that they have a direct bearing on some subjects to which special attention has recently been directed in these columns, especially the Double. The attempt now being made to collect such cases receives a valuable addition from these records. The case of Father Cajetan is familiar to us, but we are not aware that it has been printed in "LIGHT." It is included, whether this be so or not, from its applicability to a subject now under discussion.

INTIMATION OF DEATH BY A DREAM.

(From Dr. Kerner's "Blätter aus Prevost."—Eighth Collection.)

A blooming young girl of seventeen, brought up from childhood by an elderly lady, Frau von Wedell, was of so delicate a nervous organisation that she would fall in a swoon upon occasions of the least excitement. I heard accidentally that in the summer of 1833 she had observed to several friends that she was firmly convinced that she should soon die, although at the time apparently in perfect health. This conviction proceeded from an inexplicable foreboding with which she was haunted, and which made itself even more marked in the middle of October through the following dream.

She seemed to herself to be seated in a most heavenly Paradise upon a flowery bank beside her foster-mother, the Frau Generalin von Wedell, who had tenderly loved her. She gazed downward towards earth, and saw the churchyard in which was the tomb of Frau von Wedell, and opposite to it a newly-made grave, which she was informed by her foster-mother had been made because she would die soon.

The young girl told me her dream, but I gave little heed to it, since she was in good health, and I was unaware of any lurking seeds of disease within her.

Shortly after this the young lady fell into a nervous fever which speedily assumed a serious character. In the first inflammatory stage of her illness she was much tormented by dark phantasms and death omens, which had upon her a bad effect, owing to her strong love of life; and she seized with avidity upon all that I said regarding the falsity of such visions and the certainty of her recovery.

On Wednesday, October 30th, when a favourable crisis, through profuse perspiration, had set in, and the prognosis in every way appeared more favourable, all phantasms having ceased, at nine o'clock in the morning she suddenly looked towards the door, as if someone were entering; then gazing steadfastly before her she stretched out her hand as if she were receiving something, and then, as if holding it firmly in her hand, held it before her eyes as if reading. After a few minutes she sank back in bed, asking what day of the week it was. Being told that it was Wednesday, she replied, "Then I shall die at eleven o'clock this evening." Questioned why she believed this would happen, she answered: "Did you not then see the bright little boy who gave a card to me? There stood written upon it, 'On Wednesday at eleven o'clock thou must die.'"

The whole of the day this remained, more or less, her constant thought; gradually, however, the impression wore off as she felt herself become really better, and was mentally very cheerful. The day and hour passed over, and death had not visited her.

In the course of a few days, however, her condition changed much for the worse, through agitation of the mind. Her disease increased from day to day to the most frightful height, so that on November 6th, on Wednesday, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon she, in my presence, softly expired.

VISIONS OF THE DOUBLE BEFORE DEATH.

(Contributed by a correspondent, who gives only as signature the letter "D.," to Dr. Kerner's "Blätter aus Prevost," 5, Sammlung, p. 84, 1834.)

My wife died many years ago, in the prime of life, from the effects of a premature confinement. During the illness which brought death to her, although at first there was apparently no reason to doubt her recovery, she was

nursed chiefly by her sister Lina, aged nineteen, whose quiet, equable, and thoughtful nature, together with her reliable activity, were of great comfort to the invalid. Although others divided the night-watching with her, it was to her that the greater share fell, because from her hand my wife preferred to receive her medicines and other needful attention. Body and mind worn by the fatigue, it was on the seventeenth or eighteenth night that my sister-in-law had the following experience. To her mother it was the next day imparted, but not to myself until after the decease of my wife. At my express desire she wrote a narrative of what occurred to her. These are her words:—

"At this time I used to watch until one o'clock, when someone else took my place. That particular night, in order to keep myself awake, I occupied myself with reading. The subject of my reading was nothing to stimulate my imagination; it referred to the physical nature of very young children. The night-light by which I read, in front by the window, was so close to the wall that I could scarcely lay my book down between it and the wall. Spite of all my exertions to keep wide awake, at length sleep somewhat overpowered me. But it was no proper sleep. Suddenly a kind of stupor fell upon me, out of which the next moment I awoke suddenly, and remained wide awake for some little time. Each time that I came to myself, I perceived near to the stove a tall female form in ordinary attire, with a brown neck handkerchief, such as my sick sister usually wore, and a cap. The countenance was turned towards the bed, but I could not distinguish the features, so quickly did the figure each time vanish. It was already half past twelve when I began to distinguish other figures. At the bottom of the bed of the nurse, in which the baby slept, knelt a female figure, clothed in black, a black veil on her head, folded back showing half the forehead; her eyes were looking downwards and her hands folded. A pale light seemed to encircle; I know not whence it came; it appeared to me as if it proceeded from the figure itself. The light was strongest around the head. From time to time there sprang forth from the shadow, near the door which led into the passage, a black well-formed animal, such as I never saw before, and was again lost in the slanting corner. Fear I did not feel, but an anxious oppression such as I cannot describe. I was convinced that all would disappear if only I made a few steps through the room. I thought this several times with the most clear consciousness. But my oppression held me fixed to my chair. I should assuredly have overcome this feeling, except that as my sister was sleeping, I feared to make the slightest noise. At one o'clock the baby began to cry, and I jumping up, all had vanished as I had been previously certain would be the case."

Some weeks later, when the disease had increased and had assumed a dangerous aspect, the very worst nights came which the invalid had had to endure. Hitherto, although she had had sleepless nights, they had not been without repose. This night, however, the fever raged with burning heat, and only abated between two and three in the morning. In the first portion of the night Lina had the watch; in the last portion I myself. In her portion of watching again she had a vision. These are her words:—

"The invalid lay in feverish sleep, and I nodded off for a minute or two. Each time I woke up suddenly, at each awaking, however, I found myself in a state of strange stupor. My glance immediately fell upon my sister's bed, and there I always beheld a double form, both forms lying close together, so that when I had to administer the medicine I had to consider for a moment which was my real sister. The one form appeared to me much whiter, and occasionally seemed to me as if it were transfigured; it had on a white garment and a covering on the head, while the other form had more crimson in the face, a coloured jacket, and nothing on the head, exactly as the invalid lay at that time in her bed, on account of the heat not being able to wear a cap. I could not avoid thinking to myself with regard to the white form, my sister will look like that when she is dead! So soon as I knew, by gently approaching the spoon to the lips of my sister, which form was the living woman, the other form vanished."

Lina mentioned at the time this vision to no one. Four days later my wife said to another sister who had come to take part in the nursing, "I do not know how I lie; I feel as if I were divided, as if I were in two parts." Before this day was ended my wife had given up the ghost.

APPARITION AT THE TIME OF DEATH.

(From the "Euthanasia" of Wieland.)

For a considerable number of years a certain Father Cajetan (for so I will designate him, his true name having escaped me) held the post of Confessor to a convent of Benedictine nuns. He was of a noble family of the Netherlands, and his distinguished qualities, as well as his spotless character, caused him to be held in the highest esteem. Between him and Herr von K., Surrogate of the above-named convent, there arose a deep friendship, which extended also to the family of Herr von K. Father Cajetan, in short, was the house friend; and was not beloved less than if he had, in truth, been a member of the family. Some considerable time before the decease of Frau von K., Father Cajetan had been transferred by his Prince-Bishop to Bellinzona, in order to give instruction in mathematics and natural history at that place, in a school which was supplied with teachers drawn from the princely monastic establishment of X. The separation was equally painful to the worthy Benedictine and to the Von K.'s, but they engaged mutually to keep their friendship alive by frequent correspondence; which consequently was industriously prosecuted. After a year Frau von K. fell ill. Her family, however, were not specially anxious regarding her attack, she having previously recovered from several similar ones, but the lady herself thought differently. She, in anticipation of her death, told her daughter, aged seventeen or eighteen, the day and hour appointed for her departure; earnestly impressing, however, upon her to mention this fact to no one; not even to let her father have any hint regarding this knowledge. So entirely untroubled did the husband remain with reference to the illness of his wife, and doubted so little but that she would soon recover, that he did not wish to make their friend in Bellinzona uneasy by the tidings of her indisposition.

Meanwhile the day and hour arrived upon which, according to her own prophecy, Frau Von K.—was to die. She appeared to be considerably better in health, was very cheerful, and spoke to her daughter (the only person whom she chose to keep with her that day) regarding her approaching death, in as calm a manner as if the question had been simply that of a little excursion to Z. or B. Nevertheless, she employed the few hours which yet, according to her own belief, remained to her in imparting much good advice, and giving various warnings to her daughter. From the animation and freedom with which the supposed dying woman spoke, the daughter drew from her that hope for her life, which enabled her to maintain the equanimity so earnestly desired by the mother. Towards midnight the sick lady raised herself, and said with her peculiarly sweet smile: 'Now is it time that I should go and take leave of Father Cajetan? With these words she laid herself on the other side, and appeared, in a few moments, to have softly fallen asleep. In a short time she awoke, turned towards her daughter with an expression filled with love and peace, spoke a few more words, and then fell asleep for ever.

On the same day and hour sat Father Cajetan at Bellinzona in his room, at his writing-table, with a shaded lamp upon it, busy working at some mathematical problems for his pupils on the following day; deep in his work and thinking of nothing less than of his friend, of whose illness he had not the slightest knowledge.

On a side wall, near to the door of his room, hung his pandora, an instrument which he much loved, and in playing upon which he had much skill.

Suddenly from the pandora he heard a sharp tone as if the sounding board had split. He started up, looked around, and with a shudder, which for some moments left him motionless, saw a white figure exactly resembling Frau von K. who gazed at him with a friendly earnestness, and then vanished. Recovering himself he felt quite certain that he was awake, and had seen the form of his friend distant more than thirty miles! He examined his pandora and found the sounding board broken. He did not know how to explain so extraordinary an occurrence, and could not all night banish the thought of it, and believed that this, perhaps, had announced to him the death of Frau von K. By the next post he wrote to her husband inquiring after her health, but concealing the cause of his uneasiness; receiving the tidings from him in reply that

she was dead, had died at the hour in which he had beheld the apparition. In a second letter he informed Herr von K. what had occurred to himself at that very hour.

A RÉSUMÉ OF SOME CURIOUS PHENOMENA.

BY ELIZA LUTLEY BOUCHER.

The following is a *résumé* of some curious phenomena spreading over a great many years, collected and, as far as possible, thoroughly investigated by myself. It by no means represents the whole of my collection, as the more striking cases have been given in the pages of the old "Spiritualist" before "LIGHT" was, and also in previous issues of the latter.

A lonely place, situated at no great distance from a small town in the West of England, where I once resided, was said to be the scene of a most curious phenomenon, viz., that of a phantom hearse. So widely spread was the rumour that it was mentioned in one of the (not very old) guide-books of the neighbourhood, where some years since I was much interested in reading it, and I was afterwards told by a clergyman in the locality that a brother cleric—an old man well known and respected—always maintained, notwithstanding the good-natured incredulity of his brethren of the cloth, that one night, on returning home, he had himself seen the phantom hearse, and described the attendants as wearing the peculiar head-gear of the time of the Stuarts.

Again, a spot situated near the residence of a relative of mine was said to be haunted by the spectre of a black dog. One night on passing near the place with her servant they saw a large black dog lying in the hedge. The latter at once exclaimed in terror, but the former quietly replied, "Walk on and say nothing," which they did. My aunt was anything but superstitious, yet she saw the dog, and whether spiritual or material, it was a strange incident.

On another occasion a clergyman and his wife (the latter well known to the above) were driving late at night in the same part of England, when they heard a vehicle behind them, and naturally drew on one side of the road in order to let it pass. To their astonishment nothing appeared, and they drove on again only to have the same thing constantly repeated, to their complete mystification. Some years afterwards I found (I think in Collinson's "History of Somerset or Devon," for the place bordered on the two counties) that the locality was said to be haunted by the sound of phantom wheels. Of course, neither of the above cases can be verified, all the percipients being either dead or their evidence unattainable; the great pity is that at the time of their occurrence people were too "superstitiously afraid of superstition" to have submitted them to the test of searching inquiry. Their only value, therefore, lies in the fact that the witnesses were people whose word it would be insult to question.

The following, however, I received last summer from a coachman in the service of a member of my own family, and greatly esteemed by us all as a steady, respectable, and deeply religious man, whose word is entirely to be relied on.

He had a half-sister who had been partially adopted and educated by a person much above her in station, so that from her early days she was a good deal separated from her mother, and afterwards married a Dissenting preacher. Notwithstanding this she was always a kind and considerate daughter. We will call her Mrs. M. When, however, the mother died, owing to circumstances, she did not attend the funeral, but just at the time the rites were being celebrated, she was standing in her room arranging some drawers, when she distinctly heard a voice say, "You seem very happy here." "Yes," answered Mrs. M.; "are you happy?" The voice replied only "God is very merciful"; the last expression being one the mother was in the habit of using. The family taking the above circumstances into consideration, naturally concluded that their mother's spirit had thus been enabled to communicate with her beloved child.

The readers of "LIGHT" will remember the remarkably well-authenticated account of the Lampford Haunting so graphically described in Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature." The West of England (Tiverton) again supplies the locality.

A few years since I was visiting a poor and very old woman whom I had known well in my youth, when I discovered that she had lived when a child of about eleven or twelve in the neighbourhood of the haunted place; indeed,

I think, very near the house, as she seemed to have been quite familiar with the names of the residents. She remembered the circumstances *well*, and particularly mentioned the fact of the windows being illuminated one night on the return of the inhabitants of the house from chapel. Again, when living in Bristol I was told on good authority of curious phenomena happening in a house situated quite near my own residence, and inhabited by a respectable and respected chemist. Being anxious to obtain the particulars I called on the lady, who received me very courteously, and gave me a most interesting account of their curious experiences, which strikingly resembled those of the celebrated Wesley family. She did not appear at all terrified, and told me when left alone she had sat on the stairs on purpose to listen to the strange knockings in the garret. Besides these, the phenomena consisted of tappings on a bath, a sound as of digging, chirping as of a bird, and so on. One night their two apprentices were so frightened as to be obliged to call their master, on account of the mysterious and unaccountable shaking of the iron locks of the boxes and the disturbance under their bed. The house, I understood, belonged to the then residents, but there was some suspicion of a murder having been committed by a former occupier of the place.

Again, when living in London a few years ago, I heard of psychical phenomena of an interesting character having happened in a house in the vicinity. I again found on calling on the lady that the account I had read was perfectly correct, and that besides other phenomena the grey figure haunting the place had appeared to herself by daylight in one of the sitting-rooms of the house.

The last case I shall mention is that of the phantom figure of a lady which was reported to me as haunting the house of a clergyman. Although, as in other cases, I had no acquaintance with the gentleman, I resolved to write expressing my deep interest in such matters and my conviction of their *immense importance* in assisting in the solution of the problem, "If a man die shall he live again?" and put the question as to whether he had *himself* witnessed the curious phenomenon. His reply was that he had done so on a bright October afternoon, when she was descending the haunted staircase. He added that he had only seen the back of the figure, but others had seen the face and remarked on the sad expression of the countenance.

In bringing my *résumé* to a close, I would again repeat "M. A. (Oxon.'s)" words, which cannot be too deeply impressed on all earnest workers in our cause. "This is the age for *collecting facts and propounding theories*, for which future generations shall bless us," let us then "work while it is called to-day," ever remembering that "the night cometh when no man can work."

HANOVER.

AN INSTANCE OF SUPERNATURAL POWERS IN ANTIQUITY.

Herodotus (vii., 153) has a curious notice of a family in which mystic powers appear to have been transmissible. The town of Gela, now Terranova, on the south-west side of Sicily, was founded about 500 B.C. by Lindians, from Rhodes. One of the emigrants came from the island of Têlos, which lies off the Triopian promontory, and when the Lindians left Rhodes Herodotus records with special emphasis that "he was not left behind." In time his descendants became priests of the deities of the underworld, and continued to retain that office, which had been acquired by one of their ancestors, Têlinês, in the following manner: A revolution having arisen in Gela, a number of the inhabitants seceded and fled to Maktorium, a city in the mountains above Gela. The people of Gela, however, wished them to return, and Têlinês brought them back, not by any human force, but by mystic symbols (*ipà*) of those infernal deities; but whence he got them or how he became possessed of them, Herodotus expressly declares he has no word to say. Trusting to them only, Têlinês brought back the deserters, on condition that his descendants should be made priests of those deities of the underworld. And it is a wonder to me, continues Herodotus, from all I hear, how this Têlinês could have achieved such an action, one, I should have judged, not to have been performed by any man, but only by a bold spirit and manly strength, whereas Têlinês is declared by the Sicilians to have been a womanish and delicate man. Thus, however, he gained this dignity.

This is a remarkable account in early antiquity of the possession and transmission of mystic or supernatural powers,

which, however, do not appear to have emanated from personal or hypnotic influence, but to have been lodged in something separate from personality, though possibly there may have been something of both. Herodotus evidently writes with a certain restraint, as knowing more than he thought fit to reveal on so awful a subject. He gives no hint of the nature of the mysterious *ipà*, and is careful to say he knows not whence or how they were obtained, but their awful power is evidenced by the fact that, with such ghostly weapons, one weak man could subdue and lead back a host of malcontents, which an armed force might have failed to accomplish.

M. J. W.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

What Dreams Portend.

SIR,—I beg to thank "Kate Barton" for answer to inquiries relating to dreams. Would she kindly reply to this further inquiry? "Kate Barton" says "the friend looking through a window denoted a 'desire to communicate intelligence.'" Does that mean that the "intelligence" was to be communicated to the person dreaming, or to anyone else? Or might it be to a large audience, supposing "the friend" to be a public speaker?

Also would she explain what would be denoted by the "healthful appearance and happy expression of the face"?

G. F. KEMP.

The Incarnated Spirit.

SIR,—In your issue of May 2nd, "Lily" says "only part of the spirit is incarnate at one and the same time." As to the fact to which she points here, I would like to express agreement; but I offer other wording, though all is clumsy compared to the exquisite, wonderful fact. How is this wording? "Your spirit has the power to do many things at the same time; superintend your body and work it for all it is intended to be worth; cognise events in the spiritual or material world, occasionally placing these within the mind's range also; make expeditions to visit friends, projecting even a 'body' if desirable."

THE WRITER OF "LETTERS ON 'LIGHT.'"

Madame Greck.

SIR,—A short account of Madame Greck's successful treatment of my eyes will probably interest those in like manner afflicted.

I have worn spectacles for over fifteen years, and was obliged some few years ago to consult two eminent oculists on my gradual loss of sight.

They told me that there was no actual disease, that the sight would never improve, but gradually become worse, and the only thing to be done was to increase the strength of the spectacles from time to time.

In January last, I asked Madame Greck's advice about personal affairs, and at the same séance Dr. Forbes, her medical control, told me the cause of the loss of sight, and assured me that with patience and attention to his directions I should completely regain it. I am now able to entirely discard the use of spectacles in the house, and only wear them out of doors as a protection from the wind, and believe I shall be able to do without them altogether when the warm weather sets in. I enclose my card, as some of your readers may like to have further particulars—limited space preventing my now entering into details.

BLACK DIAMOND.

The Higher Self.

SIR,—A question has twice recently been asked in "LIGHT," to which I think no reply has yet been given. It is claimed that many of the manifestations and phenomena of Spiritualism are due to the action of the "higher Ego," and your correspondent inquires how it is, if this be true, that the "higher Ego" does not assert itself for what it is, instead of masquerading under a false and misleading disguise. We are told that this world is all illusion and that its inhabitants sleep deepest when they think they are most awake; but even under these adverse conditions, the one among us who would wilfully deceive his fellows where their vital interests are concerned, and trifle with their most sacred feelings and aspirations, would scarcely rank among the "higher" specimens of the race. We do not sleep quite soundly enough for that. Unless, therefore, the white-

washing process, so fashionable in the case of historical characters, can be successfully applied to the so-called "higher" Ego, it would be more consistent to call it the diabolical Ego, because the Father of Lies would seem to be its progenitor. If self-consciousness does *not* exhaust its object (to use Du Prel's phrase), it would at least be consoling to know that the unexhausted portion is not worse than the self of which we are conscious. Can anyone give us this encouraging assurance?

M. C. P.

The Double.

SIR,—As a supplement to my two previous letters in "LIGHT" you may not think the following uninteresting.

After you had published my first letter in "LIGHT," I wrote to my friend, asking her if she could give me any additional particulars regarding my appearances to her, whether I wore any head-gear, and so on.

She answers as follows:—

"I can answer all you require. You have appeared in white with a gauze over your head, but I could see your head through it, and that time your body was not very solid.

"I have seen you several times in blue, with your head partly covered at the back with the same material as your robe; but I could see your front hair quite plain.

"You spoke to me once when you came in blue, and you looked as solid as you always do.

"I was deeply engrossed in reading a very interesting book, and was not thinking of you. You said: 'I am not well, but you shall hear from me.' Your letter came two days after, saying you were suffering from a very severe cold.

"Another time you came dressed in purple. You had nothing on your head, but in your hands you had a large bunch of lilies of the valley and lotus flowers: you did not speak.

"But I have seen you so often. Sometimes I can feel you put your hand on my head or shoulders, when I feel the same magnetic power about you as I do when I am with you and talking to you."

May 4th, 1891.

"LILY."

Faith Healing.

SIR,—*"Lourdes must look to its laurels,"* said the *"Daily Telegraph,"* of July 7th, 1890. "In a little hamlet called Bonlassiers, in the island of Oléron, near La Rochelle, a young man, eighteen years of age, who, in his childhood, was weak and sickly, is said to have become suddenly endowed with the miraculous power of curing all sorts of physical infirmities. He does not use any incantations or hypnotism or medicine, but simply places his feet against the feet of the patient, makes some movement with his hands over the part affected, and the cure is complete. After he makes the mystical movements with his hands the miracle-worker simply says, 'Go away, you are cured.' Sometimes one visit is not sufficient to expel the disease, but three calls are certain. The halt, the lame, and the blind are hastening to this newly-found home of mystery. Some of the neighbours declare that he is a sorcerer." A youthful sorcerer, at any rate. Some of his patients may well answer this imputation by words not new to any of us. "Why, herein is a marvellous thing, that ye know not whence this man is, and yet he has opened my eyes." It is sometimes difficult to know where sorcery begins and where it ends. One man was, however, found in earlier days who was willing to judge a tree by its fruit. I am glad to add that some people about La Rochelle believed the lad to be inspired. One would be glad to hear further of him. Let us now return to the Protestant village of Männadorff, near Zurich. I take the following account, condensed, of Dorothea Trüdel's mother, from the *"Spiritual Magazine,"* of August, 1872. My object is to show that this good mother was a faith-healer before her daughter, or any one else of the neighbourhood; the first of a marvellous succession of three persons in the same place, gifted with faith-healing of great powers, commencing quite early in this century, and lasting, for aught I know to the contrary, to the present day.

It has been quaintly remarked that, "in Switzerland the female is the better bird." However this may be, as a general rule, it certainly was so in the Trüdel family. From a long history of Dorothea in the *"Spiritual Magazine"*

for August, 1872, I take the following passages: "Dorothea was brought up in great poverty by an excellent and self-denying mother. From earliest youth she had two striking examples in the characters of her parents. A weak, selfish father, wasting the family substance, and a patient, gentle, cheerful mother, whose industry kept a home for her children, whose spirit never quailed under injustice, and who seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of things she had never learned. Were any of the children ill Madame Trüdel called no doctor, she only prayed for the child. On one occasion one of the children was seized with epileptic fits—he lay on the ground and foamed at the mouth. 'I know this terrible malady, my children,' said the fond mother; 'Jesus Who cured the lunatic can cure this dear one.' She knelt and prayed and the attack passed off.

"When the father came home he laughed at the whole affair, and called his wife and children fools and idiots. But a few days later the same symptoms re-appeared, and he was as frightened as his wife was calm. Again the mother knelt and prayed that the attack might be the last one; and so it was: the child was cured.

"This simple faith seemed to many ridiculous and Madame Trüdel had to bear not only the hard contempt of her husband, but the well-meant remonstrances of those who believed themselves to be better acquainted with truth and religion.

"Soon after this M. Trüdel departed into another country for a time, leaving his wife to work for and train her eleven children according to her own views.

"When he returned home Dorothea had grown into a pretty active maiden, and was a first-rate silk-weaver. But one day in trying to escape a boorish caress from a rustic admirer, whom her father had encouraged, she sprained her back severely.

"This caused her a severe illness which lasted fifteen years. After this she recovered her strength, but youth and beauty were gone, and her active form was bent and distorted.

"In 1840 her uncle, Dr. Trüdel, who had passed his life in Holland, determined to seek out his sister and adopt her children. He was well off and could offer them a home.

"Soon after this the good mother died. . . . The ten following years Dorothea lived with her aged uncle, and, at his death, went to her nephew, who had a large business, employing many people."

It was then that Dorothea's work as a healing medium began.

W. R. TOMLINSON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"AJAX" quotes "The Prayer of Ajax was for Light." Thanks: also for Coincidences, filed for use.

G.S. (San Francisco).—Thank you. We are sorry that we cannot send what you wish for. None to be had.

S.L.—The notice of the Mattei Cancer ward at St. Saviour's Hospital appeared in the "Review of Reviews" last month.

M.S.W.—Miss Lord's "Christian Science Healing," published by Redway (now Kegan Paul, Trübner and Co.), will inform you.

EDITOR (Christiania).—We regret that a publication in the Norwegian language would be useless to us, as none of our people could read it.

R.T.—Dr. Wyld is to speak on "Faith Healing" at the Alliance Rooms, as you will see. If you wish to attend you can obtain a ticket at our offices.

"INQUIRER."—The "Advice to Inquirers" is necessarily brief, but intelligible, if carefully read. There is no royal road to success, and we do not advise short cuts. Patient experiment is needed.

DR. MOMERIE.—Much regret was felt by Dr. Momerie's friends and admirers when, some twelve months ago, he resigned the Preachership at the Foundling Hospital. They will be glad to know that an opportunity is soon to be afforded them of again hearing him. It is announced that he will deliver a lecture entitled "The Corruption of the Church," at Princes' Hall, on the evening of Monday, May 25th, at 8.30. Dr. Momerie is probably the most advanced Broad Churchman of the day; and in his lecture he proposes to begin a detailed exposure of the mischievous effects of Ecclesiasticism. We understand that he has no intention of leaving the Church, but that, on the contrary, he believes himself to be acting in the real interest of the Church itself, to which, as is well known, he is strongly attached. Narrowness, bigotry, the claim to infallibility, dogmas, and everything else that is implied in the word Ecclesiasticism, he regards as fatal to the continued existence of the Church, and moreover as out of harmony with the intentions of the Founder of Christianity. This lecture is the only one Dr. Momerie intends to deliver during the present season; but we understand that on future occasions he purposes to trace the mischievous effects of Ecclesiasticism in Science, in Art, in Society, in Literature, and in fact in every department of human life. We shall be curious to see in what way he will attempt to justify his conduct, and still more curious to see what action (if any) the Bishops will take in the matter.

SOCIETY WORK.

[Correspondents who send us notices of the work of the Societies with which they are associated will oblige by writing as distinctly as possible and by appending their signatures to their communications. Inattention to these requirements often compels us to reject their contributions. No notice received later than the first post on Tuesday is sure of admission.]

24, HARCOURT-STREET, MARYLEBONE.—The guides of Mrs. Treadwell delivered an instructive address to an appreciative audience. Sunday, at 11 a.m., Mr. T. Pursey, "Celestial Spheres"; at 7 p.m., the Rev. Dr. F. R. Young, "What do we know of the Life beyond Death?" Thursday, 7.45 p.m., Mr. Hopcroft. Saturday, 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Wilkins.—C. WHITE, Hon. Sec.

WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday last we had good audiences both morning and evening. Mr. Cyrus Symons gave a splendid lecture in the evening upon "Matter, Life, and Spirit." Sunday, May 10th, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mr. R. J. Lees. Monday, May 11th, at 8 p.m., special committee meeting. Wednesday, May 13th, at 8 p.m., concert; tickets 6d. each. Friday, May 15th, at 8.15 p.m., free healing.—J. VEITCH, Sec.

OPEN AIR SPIRITUAL MISSION, HYDE PARK (NEAR MARBLE ARCH).—Last Sunday the Eight Hours Demonstration precluded us from holding our intended meeting; but next Sunday several good speakers will be present, and we hope, with the sympathetic presence of our friends, to hold a meeting at the usual place at three o'clock. A quantity of spiritual literature will be distributed. Helpers are earnestly requested.—PERCY SMYTH, 34, Cornwall-road, Bayswater, W.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—At last Sunday's service Mr. Hopcroft's controls gave us a stirring address upon "Life in the Spirit World," with some sound practical advice as to our spiritual work here upon earth. Sunday next, at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mr. J. H. Bowens, of Bradford. Tuesday, at 8 p.m., séance, Mrs. Mason. Thursday, at 8 p.m., developing circle. Saturday, at 8 p.m., séance, Mr. Holmes. May 17th, Mr. F. Dever Summers.—J. H. B.

SOUTH LONDON SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E. (NEAR THE "GREEN").—Short addresses and experiences were given last Sunday by Messrs. Coote, Beaton, Miller, and Long, to a rather scanty audience. Next Sunday we ask members to be more punctual in attendance. Spiritual meetings at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., when Mrs. Bliss and other friends will attend. On Tuesday a lime-light lantern lecture will be given at 8 p.m.; admission free; all friends welcome; collection in aid of funds. Free healing on Thursdays at 8.15 p.m. by Messrs. A. L. Ward and J. J. du Buy. Address with questions, and advice to inquirers on Wednesdays, at 8.30 p.m.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec., 8, Orchard-row, Camberwell, S.E.

THE ENDYONIC SOCIETY, CLAPHAM JUNCTION, 16, QUEEN'S PARADE.—No meeting was held here last Sunday as several of our members attended the Federation gathering in Copenhagen Hall. Our Sunday afternoon meetings are now closed for the summer, as we commence out-door work on the 10th, on Wandsworth Common, near the foot-bridge, at 11.30 a.m., and in Battersea Park, near the band stand, at 3.30 p.m., and at 7.30 p.m. punctually our usual meeting will be held at the above address. Mr. W. Yeates, of Brixton, will speak on "Some Objections raised by Theosophists." We would remind our friends that for the future our meetings will commence at the advertised time, to the minute, and therefore ask for prompt attendance. We think most societies have hitherto shown a great deal too much laxity in this respect.—UTBER W. GODDARD.

THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION held their anniversary meeting last Sunday at Copenhagen Hall. There was a conference in the afternoon, at which representatives of most of the London Societies were present, and also many earnest workers in the cause. I read a paper on our future plans, and showed the need of combination—1. For Propagandism. 2. For endeavouring to alter the law affecting mediums, and to resist any further restrictive legislation. 3. To enable Spiritualists to combine to hold a series of large Sunday meetings at some central hall, and also to improve our platform work, by providing speakers for societies when asked to do so. Many kindly and practical suggestions were brought forward, and especially it was proposed that the Council, at an early date, call a meeting of all interested in mesmerism, hypnotism, and the healing art, at some central hall, with a view of taking steps to oppose any restrictive legislation on these subjects. After the conference a good number sat down to tea. In the evening a public meeting was held, Mr. Everitt being in the chair. This was a truly representative gathering. We had a most excellent speech from Mr. Shorter, Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald following with valuable advice as to the best method of investigation. It was indeed a pleasant sight to see these experienced Spiritualists amongst us; also it was pleasing to hear the voice of Mr. Wallace, who was one of the first mediums in England. Messrs. Rodger, Drake, Ems, and Read also addressed the meeting, and altogether a spirit of harmony and brotherhood prevailed, which

promises well for the future. We believe that the Federation has now entered upon a new era, one of useful work, and of a truly spiritual nature, and we hope that all Spiritualists will give us their help and sympathy.—A. F. TINDALL, A. Mus. T.C.L., Secretary, 4, Portland-terrace, N. W.

THE CITY OF THE LIVING.

In a long vanished age, whose varied story
No record has to-day,
So long ago expired its grief and glory,
There flourished, far away

In a broad realm, whose beauty passed all measure,
A city fair and wide,
Within, the dwellers lived in peace and pleasure,
And never any died.

Disease and pain and death, those stern marauders,
Which mar our world's fair face,
Never encroached upon the pleasant borders
Of that bright dwelling place.

No fear of parting, and no dread of dying
Could ever enter there;
No mourning for the lost, no anguished crying
Made any face less fair.

Without the city wall, Death reigned as ever,
And graves rose, side by side;
Within, the dwellers laughed at his endeavour,
And never any died.

O, happiest of all earth's favoured places!
O, bliss to dwell therein;
To live in the sweet light of loving faces,
And fear no grave between.

To feel no death-damp, growing cold and colder,
Disputing life's warm truth,
To live on,—never lonelier, nor older,
Radiant in deathless youth.

And, hurrying from the world's remotest quarters,
A tide of pilgrims flowed
Across broad plains and over mighty waters
To find that blest abode,

Where never death should come between and sever
Them from their loved apart;
Where they might work, and will, and live for ever,
Still holding heart to heart.

And so they lived in happiness and pleasure,
And grew in power and pride,
And did great deeds, and laid up store of treasure,
And never any died!

And many years rolled on and saw them striving
With unabated breath;
And other years still found and left them living,
And gave no hope of death.

Yet listen, hapless soul, whom angels pity,
Craving a boon like this;
Mark how the dwellers in the wondrous city
Grew weary of their bliss.

One and another, who had been concealing
The pain of life's long thrall,
Forsook their pleasant places and came stealing
Outside the city wall.

Craving with wish that brooked no more denying—
So long it had been crossed—
The blessed possibility of dying:
The treasure they had lost!

Daily the current of rest-seeking mortals
Swelled to a broader tide,
Till none were left within the city's portals,
And graves grew green outside.

Would it be worth the having or the giving
The boon of endless breath?
Ah, for the weariness that comes of living
There is no cure but death!

Ours were indeed a fate deserving pity,
Were that sweet rest denied,
And few, methinks, would care to find the city
Where never any died!

—ANON.